

VIENNA'S Triumph;
WITH THE
Whigg's Lamentation
For the Overthrow of the TURKS.
To the Tune of, *Now now the fight's done.*



NOW now's the Siege rais'd,
and the numerous Train
Of the *Turks*, *Fove* be prais'd,
are Defeated again:
Their *Mahomets* aid,
they in vain did implore,
And they swear they'll not trust
the dull God any more:
The Sham of the *Load-stone*,
at last they have found,
And their God is Condemn'd
to be laid under ground.

II.

Let the *English* give praise,
let all *Christendom* joyn,
In singing of Lays,
to the Powers Divine,
Vienna once more
hath the Victory won,
And the *TURKS* though so mighty
are put to the run:
The Gyant *Goliath*
by *David* was slain,
Thus who fight against Heaven,
do fight but in vain.

III.

The *Grand Vizier's* fled,
in vain he did boast,
And 'twill cost him his Head,
since the Battle he lost:
His many of Thousands,
he Invincible thought,
Yet they by few hundreds,
to Confusion were brought;
To the great King of *Poland*,
let the Honour redound,
Whose actions with Credit,
and Fame do abound.

IV.

To the Duke of *Lorrain*,
great praises are due,
Who had Fought but in vain,
if proud words had prov'd true:
At the Emperor's Threats,
he laught in his sleeve,
And all his great proffers,
he scorn'd to believe:
But Great as he was,
he withstood all their Charms,
Chusing rather to dye
in his Country-mens Arms.

V.

His Loyalty true
all the World doth admire,
But the *Whiggs* who look blue,
and Commotions desire:
Ruine and strife is
Whiggs Element still,
They'r an obstinate People,
if crost in their Will:
And what their Will is,
is as hard to be known,
As it is to find out
the Philosophers Stone.

VI.

No Devotion but theirs,
all others they say,
Of the Devil are Snares,
for to lead us astray:
The *Pope* to avoid,
they'l do what they can,
And instead of an Image,
they'l Worship a Man:
To the *Turks* they no Martyrs
but Converts would be,
But in time we may see
them all dye by the Tree.